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SIX-YEAR-OLD BOY KILLED AT CLERMONT

Burg Searfoss Shot Last Thursday by Ten-Year-Old Brother.

BULLET PIERCED THE BOY'S HEART

Boys Had Taken Gun From House Without Parents Knowledge—Burg Tried to Pull Rifle Out of His Brother's Hands—Earl, Aged 10 Years Carries His Dead Brother Home—Funeral Held on Saturday.

Burg, the six and a half-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Searfoss, of Clermont, was instantly killed last Thursday about noon, in a hunting accident while the rifle was in the hands of his brother, Earl, aged 10 years.

The two boys, without the knowledge of their parents, took a 22-calibre rifle out of the house and strated out for a day's hunt for deer. They went out to the coal chutes on the Pennsylvania tracks and there the older boy, Earl, shot three times at a mark. Then Burg thought he ought to try the rifle, but his brother objected and the little fellow attempted to take the gun away from his older brother. Burg got hold of the muzzle of the rifle and was pulling it toward himself when the gun was discharged, the bullet entering his left breast just above the nipple. The bullet passed through his heart and came out at his back, killing him instantly.

Earl the older boy realized in an instant what had happened and picking up the body of his lifeless brother he started for home. Earl, however is unusually small for his age and could not carry the body far, but when he could carry it no farther he dragged the body on the ground until he reached a point near the Pennsylvania tracks. The local freight happened to be coming into Clermont at that time, and some of the members of the crew seeing what had happened, stopped the train and took the body and Earl into the caboose and brought them to the station. They then took the body of Burg to the home of his parents.

The shock was so terrible to Mrs. Searfoss when her lifeless boy was brought home that for a time it was thought that she would lose her reason but the tender administrations and kindly sympathy of loving neighbors pacified her to a certain extent and that danger is now passed.

Coroner Sherman, of Bradford, was notified and went to Clermont Friday morning, but after learning the facts of the case, he decided that an inquest was unnecessary.

Mr. and Mrs. Searfoss have been residents of Clermont for a number of years and are highly respected by all who know them. Mr. Searfoss has been an employee of the United National Gas Company for some time.

Burg was one of ten small children and was unusually bright for his age and his untimely death will be keenly felt by the family and a large circle of friends.

The funeral services, which were largely attended, were held on Saturday afternoon and his remains were laid at rest in the Clermont cemetery.

THOMAS VAN SICKLE DEAD

Well-Known Bush Hill Resident Passed Away Last Saturday

Died at his home on Bush Hill, Saturday, November 23, 1912, after a short illness of pneumonia, Thomas Van Sickle, at the age of 39 years. He is survived by his wife and six small children, also a step son and a step daughter, besides two sisters, Mrs. H. E. Crum, of Cleveland, O., and Mrs. A. E. Wilson, of Angelica, N. Y.

Thomas Van Sickles was a hard working, honest, industrious man who has met with numerous misfortunes, but always bore up under them manfully. Much sympathy is felt for the bereaved family in their sad affliction.

Short services were held at the house Tuesday morning the remains were then taken to the Grimes district church, where the funeral was conducted and the body laid to rest in the Grimes district cemetery.

Dressmaking and sewing at my home on Willow St. Mrs. U. H. Foote 2t-Adv.

A SUNDAY BURGLARY

The Jewelry Store of M. L. Armstrong Entered and Two Watches Taken

Last Sunday a burglary was committed in M. L. Armstrongs jewelry store. Two watches, which were of not much value, that were left outside of the safe were stolen and the money drawer was broken open but it contained no money.

John Swan, who has charge of the store made the discovery in the afternoon and informed County Detective E. W. Jones, who immediately got busy on the case. Upon investigation he found that an entrance had been effected through the basement of the Gleason building, under Charles Lemmler's store and leading from this door he found tracks in the snow which had evidently fallen after the thief made his entrance. The door to the basement was locked and had not been forced and the tracks in the snow indicated that a boy who had access to this basement had committed the burglary.

Detective Jones apprehended the boy and found that his tracks tallied with those in the snow but did not find either of the stolen watches on him. No arrest has been made but the boy in question is being carefully watched by Mr. Jones.

After this burglary was reported it leaked out that Diament's meat market was entered a week ago last Saturday night. The money drawer was broken open and about one dollar in small change was stolen. Mr. Diament had not made any report of this burglary but was keeping an eye open for a second attempt.

NEW CHURCH AT NORWICH

Dedication Was Held by the Methodists on Sunday—Nearly Free From Debt

The new Methodist Episcopal church at Norwich was dedicated last Sunday with appropriate exercises. The weather was inclement but that fact did not keep the people away.

The morning services commenced at 11 o'clock. Bishop William Burt, D. D., LLD., of Buffalo, was assisted by the Rev. S. A. Morse, D. D., of Olean, superintendent of the Olean district. The sermon was by Bishop Burt.

In the evening at 7 o'clock Bishop Burt and Superintendent Morse assisted in the dedication with the pastor, the Rev. J. A. Perkins.

The committee on arrangements was composed of Mrs. J. S. Hull, Mrs. Fred Green, Mrs. R. H. Krebs, Mrs. J. F. Armstrong, Mrs. Fred Williams and Mrs. Jesse Leyman.

The officers of the church and Sunday school as well as the church organizations are as follows: Trustees, L. B. Williams, president; Mrs. Thos. White, secretary; J. S. Hull and Thos. White. President Ladies' Aid society, Mrs. J. S. Hull; district superintendent, Rev. S. A. Morse; superintendent Sunday school. L. B. Williams. Rev. J. A. Perkins, pastor.

The new church will seat about 200 members. It is nicely built and is in keeping with the thriving community. It is dedicated almost entirely free from debt.

KILLED THREE BUCKS

Smethport Hunters Have Good Luck in Clinton County

Hon. Joseph W. Bouton, Dr. Burg Chadwick, C. W. Shattuck and A. H. Kidder have returned home from a hunting trip in Clinton county and they were very lucky in bringing down big game. Dr. Chadwick landed the first big buck on Tuesday and Judge Bouton killed on the following day and Thursday A. H. Kidder shot a fine buck. C. W. Shattuck was the only man from here who did not get one, but as he killed one in the Adirondacks this season he is pretty well satisfied.

Judge Bouton and Dr. Chadwick are members of the Round Island Hunting Club and it was at their camp that the Smethport party made their headquarters. This club has its camp on a large preserve which is said to be the best hunting in the State for large game. Small game is also in abundance. Partridges and rabbits are very plentiful and occasionally a wild turkey is seen in that vicinity.

—All kinds of stamped Art goods. A full line of Sudo silk underwear and hosiery. Children's knitted mittens a specialty. Orders received by telephone, No. 175R. MRS. MARIA CARTER, Main str, Smethport, Pa. Adv-tf

CO. C ARMORY DEDICATED

A Brilliant Social Function in Bradford Tuesday Night

The following is gleaned from a much longer article in Wednesday morning's Era: The new home of Company C located on Barbour street was last evening dedicated with appropriate exercises.

In connection with the dedicatory ceremony, there was a reception and grand military ball. It is doubtful if ever in the history of the city a more elaborate function was held or one attended by so many distinguished guests. Then, too, Bradford's society folk turned out, the ladies in rich and charming attire. The scene on the main floor of the building at 8:45 o'clock when Governor Tener and party marched in with their ladies, was one of great brilliancy. The attractive military uniforms and the handsome costly gowns worn by the ladies were such as to win much admiration. While the armory is not yet fully furnished, there was just enough of the rich furnishings to add to the beauty of the scene.

The decorators spent much time in the arrangements of the decorations. In the dance hall, the national colors were used to good effect. Upon the front of the stage where Jamison's orchestra was stationed, there were palms, ferns and cut flowers, prettily arranged and the stars and stripes were draped about the side walls and on the front of the balcony.

There were also palms, ferns, and cut flowers arranged in the various reception rooms.

Last evening the members of the John S. Melvin Post, 141, G. A. R., and the members of Encampment No. 7, Union Veteran Legion, occupied seats in the balcony. That part of the armory proved to be a popular place for the guests especially those who did not care to participate in the dancing. The balcony was soon crowded and the guests commenced to fill up the main dance hall.

Jamison's orchestra rendered a number of selections while the guests were arriving.

Governor Tener and party a few minutes before 9 o'clock walked from the entrance, along the right side of the hall and took places in front of the stage. The Governor and the distinguished military men and their ladies stood at one side while officials of the 16th regiment were on the other. Between the two lines the guests walked and were thus received.

Following the reception Governor Tener and Mrs. A. D. Burns led the grand march which made a splendid spectacle.

The new armory was dedicated immediately following the grand march.

W. H. Dennis, representing the Tuna Manufacturing company, builders of the armory, presented the keys to the supervising architect, A. P. Mount of Corry.

Architect Mount in turn presented the keys to Governor Tener.

Captain F. P. Schoonmaker received the keys from Governor Tener and acknowledged their receipt with a few well chosen words.

The dedicatory exercises closed with the singing of "Pennsylvania," the song of the Keystone State, led by Prof. George P. Lull, the guests joining in the chorus.

The refreshments were served at tables arranged in the basement of the armory. The table decorations were handsome. They included small baskets of flowers placed at different positions and bouquets of cut flowers. Capt. W. C. Hogan in charge of the commissary department is to be congratulated in the manner the guests were served with refreshments. The guests were served in battalions.

Following the dedicatory ceremony, there was dancing until an early hour this morning, the splendid music being furnished by Jamison.

Governor Tener and members of the Armory board left last night at 11:30 o'clock on a special car for Olean enroute to Harrisburg.

An interesting incident yesterday morning at the armory was the presentation of a fine Kentucky horse to Col. George C. Rickards of Oil City, the commanding officer of the Sixteenth regiment. The presentation was a complete surprise, but Colonel Rickards was equal to the occasion and in a few well chosen remarks, thanked the donors.

The entertainment provided for Governor Tener, his staff and the armory board included a luncheon at the Hotel Holley at 1 p. m.

Governor Tener and party of visitors with a delegation of citizens left at 4 o'clock for Derrick City to inspect the deep well. They also visited the Bon Air Sanatorium.

CLERGYMEN IN BRADFORD

Archdeaconry of Ridgway at Church of The Ascension—Reception Last Night

Tuesday's Bradford Era says: The first session of the meeting of the Episcopal archdeaconry of Ridgway was held at the church of the Ascension last evening. There was a large congregation.

The following clergymen were in attendance in the city this morning for today's sessions: Right Rev. Rogers Israel, D. D., bishop of the Erie diocese; Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, of Smethport; Rev. Mr. Mitchell, of St. Marys; Rev. Reginald S. Radcliffe, the archdeacon and rector of Grace church at Ridgway; Rev. W. H. Jones, of Warren; Rev. Geo. F. Potter, Du Bois; Rev. Mr. Baldwin, Salmanca; Rev. Mr. Wilson, Eldred; Rev. D. E. S. Perry, rector Trinity church, New Castle, Pa., and others, including the Rev. W. H. Overs, Ph. D., rector of the church of the Ascension, Bradford.

The service opened with evening prayer by the Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector of St. Luke's church, Smethport, assisted by the Rev. Henry Mitchell, of St. Marys and Rev. Mr. Baldwin, of Salamanca.

Lewis Emery sang "A New Heaven and a New Earth," by Gaul, in a very pleasing manner.

The Ven. D. E. S. Perry, D. D., rector of the Trinity church at New Castle and archdeacon of Meadville, delivered a very able sermon, taking his text from 1 Chron. 12:32. His theme was "Christian Leadership."

Dr. Perry was a former rector of the church of the Ascension and his sermon was much enjoyed by his many friends in the congregation.

Following the services a reception was held for Bishop Israel and the clergymen in the parish rooms. It was an informal affair. Members of the vestry of the church and their wives assisted in the receiving. This also was largely attended.

The refreshments were served under the direction of the Daughters of the church.

The visiting clergymen are being entertained at private residences and at the hotels.

MRS. LOUESA SHURTZ

Well-Known in this Place Died at her Home in Port Allegany

Mrs. Fitz A. Shurtz, a well-known Port Allegany lady died Wednesday evening, November 20, 1912, at eight o'clock, at her home on Main street. Though she has been ill for a couple of years and dangerously so for several months, the end was unexpected. The cause of death was Bright's disease, and its complications from which she had been a great sufferer, but which has been borne heroically. She was fifty-three years of age, and has been a resident here for many years, a lady greatly respected and liked.

Her maiden name was Louesa Mangold, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Mangold, of Buffalo. The mother, Mrs. Ely, resided here for several years after her second marriage. Louesa Mangold married F. A. Shurtz in 1878. The husband and two daughters survive her, Mrs. Vada McCarthy of this city and Mrs. Lourene Towers of Buffalo. She is also survived by three brothers, John and William Mangold and Henry Ely, the latter a half brother, of this city, and three sisters, Mrs. Henry Lynch, Mrs. John Coy and Miss Mary Cole, all of this city.

The funeral was held Saturday afternoon at two o'clock from the house the Rev. M. L. Tatts, rector of Emanuel Episcopal church, of Emporium, conducting the services in the absence of a local Episcopal rector, of which church she was a member. The services at the grave were conducted under the symbolic rites of the Order of the Eastern Star, of which organization she was a member. The members of the Lodge attended in a body.

The interment was made in the Shurtz lot in the Port Allegany cemetery.—Fort Allegany Reporter.

"ESTRAY"

A dark yearling stead colt with white spot on rump left of tail. Any information will be rewarded by J. L. Oviatt, Farmers Valley, Pa. Adv-tf.

Oleomargarine for sale at Mrs. P. H. McAhons, East Smethport. tf-Adv

THREE LIMESTONE HOTELS BURNED.

One Man Met Death and There is a Suspicion That He Was Murdered.

Fire early last Friday morning destroyed three hotels in Limestone and the William Dempsey house and barn; resulted in the death of an Italian and the police are inclined to believe that the conflagration was started for the purpose of covering up a murder.

The fire started in the Commercial house, conducted by an Italian named Joseph Lizzi. This morning Lizzi is among the missing although the country is being scoured for him.

This mornig a search of the ruins revealed the charred body of a man who is supposed to be an Italian named Vinnettio who resided in Bradford and who had trouble there yesterday, he leaving the city after being disarmed of a revolver. The supposition is that Venettio was possibly murdeder and the fire started to cover up the crime.

The first intimation of the fire was the shriek of a whistle from an Erie locomotive. The residents of Limestone was awakened and turned out in large numbers.

Lines of fire hose were laid from the tannery. The service proved to be very satisfactory and considerable property was thus saved. Hose 3 of Bradford reached the scene at 2 p. m.

The hotels burned include the Eagle, conducted by Albert Nord; the Titusville House, conducted by Robert Scott, and the Commercial hotel, operated by Joe Lizzi.

Mrs. A. J. Doherty, of Bradford, owned the Titusville House. Mr. and Mrs. Nord are at present at Orchard Park. The three hotels were of wood construction and stood in a row to the left of the Erie tracks.

The Dempsey house was badly burned and the Dempsey barn was saved according to a later report.

On account of the necessity of laying lines of hose across the tracks of the B., R. & P. and Erie railroads, the flyer due in this city from the North on the B., R. & P. was held up at Limestone.—Kane Republican.

POMONA GRANGE

Meeting to be Held at Eldred on Wednesday, Dec. 4.

The regular meeting of the McKean Co. Pomona Grange will be held in Eldred, December 4th and the following program will be carried out:

11.00 a. m. Business session.
11:30 Address of Welcome—W. C. Wood Master, of Eldred Grange.
Response—Frank Hackett.
Solo—Mrs. Ella Homles.
Paper—Miss Anna Bly.
12:00 Dinner.
2:00 p. m. Open in Fifth Degree.
Election of Officers.
3:30 Lecturers Conference.
Reports of subordinate lecturers.
Suggestion for lecturers work—Mrs. Howden, A. T. Larson and H. J. Rice.
Solo—Miss Rae Simar.
Paper The Home—Mrs. W. R. Ventres.
Discussion—To what extent are we under obligation to loan to our neighbors?
Discussion—Farm water works. How best arranged.
7:00 Open in Fifth Degree.
Business session.
Conferring the Degree of Pomona.
8:30 Open meeting.
Literary Program—Eldred Grange.
Music—Orchestra.
Recitation—Lorene Welsh.
Vocal Solo—Charles Kelley.
Recitation—W. C. Wood.
Current Events—Arma Fowler.
Recitation—Wm. Fowler.
Vocal Solo—Minnie Gueder.
Recitation—Mr. Hull.
Dialogue—The Competing Railroads Ward Carpenter, Warren Hart, Walter Gender and Bert Monroe.
Song—Glee Club.
Recitation—Agnes Welsh.
Recitation—Amelia Carpenter.
Music—Orchestra.

MOTOR CARS FOR SALE.

One 1910 model 30 Cadilac five passenger car with fore doors and all modern equipment at a great sacrifice.

One 1-cylinder Cadilac in good running condition, price $55.00.

One two or four-passenger steamer in fine condition, price $150.

Inquire of

BACKUS NOVELTY CO.,
Adv. Smethport, Pa.

Advertise in The Miner.

UNKNOWN MAN FOUND DEAD

B., R. & P. Trackwalker Makes A Startling Discovery

Ridgway, Pa., Nov. 23.—An unknown man was found dead along the B., R. & P. tracks about 7 o'clock on Thursday morning, one-half mile south of Carmen, by a track walker. The man had evidently been walking on the tracks and had been hit by an engine and killed.

The proper authorities were at once notified and the remains were taken to the Van Aken undertaking rooms at Ridgway, where they can be seen by any one who think they can identify the body.

Alongside the remains was a suitcase in which were some under clothing, brush and razor. Not a scrap of paper, letter or any other means of identifying were found on the clothes, and who the man is seems to be a profound mystery.

Coroner Sharp of Johnsonburg, is on the scene and it is probable that an investigation will be ordered. There is not the least evidence of foul play and it seems a foregone conclusion that a train hit him, knocking the walker off the tracker and inflicting injuries that took his life.

He has injuries about the head but it cannot be determined just what caused the death, but so far as can be determined, no bones are broken.

The dead man is about 50 years of age, five feet nine inches in height and weighs about 175 pounds. He has a light, sandy complexion and was dressed in a dark suit.

MURDER AND SUICIDE

Harry Weems Kills Los Angeles Woman and Commits Suicide

Saturday's Bradford Star Record says: Harry S. Weems, who married Katherine Wheeler of East Bradford, and gained considerable notoriety by shooting her and himself in Buffalo about three years ago, and was later separated from his wife by divorce, shot and killed Mrs. Estella Baggott of Los Angeles and committed suicide yesterday at Reno, Nev. A dispatch from Reno telling of the tragedy says:

"Mrs Baggott came to Reno, November 11, ostensibly for a divorce. A letter in the possession of the coroner addressed to a Los Angeles paper and signed by Weems, gives the history of his meteoric career. He tells of relations with several women and of embezzling $200 to $600 a week in order to provide finery for them. In Buffalo, says the letter, Weems married Katherine Wheeler and after five years he shot her and himself. Both recovered and he escaped prosecution. Then he went to Los Angeles where he met his last victim."

Weems was the son of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Weems, of Baltimore. He was 37 years old. He left Baltimore seventeen years ago and since then his wanderings have led him around this country and abroad.

VOGEL'S MINSTRELS

They Will be in Smethport on Tuesday Evening, Dec. 5.

An occasional visit of a minstrel show is a good thing for the theatre goer. Wearied by a continuous course of problem plays, lurid melodramas and musical comedies, the stately presence and sparkling conversation of the interlocutor appeals restfully to him, while the familiar quids of the end men are hailed as old friends returning from a long journey, and it is all very lovely. This statement is especially true of as good a minstrel show as John W. Vogel's Big City Minstrels are presenting, and which comes to the Lyceum Theatre, Thursday, Dec. 5.

There is just enough newness about it to please, and just enough of the old-time flavor to relieve it from any charge of iconoclasm. And the fact that the past sixteen years, demonstrated enthusiastic approval of every item of the bill, would indicate that John W. Vogels aggregation has made good. Adv.

FALL MILLINERY.

My Millinery display for Fall and Winter is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies' and children's headgear, call on CARRIE CLARK. Adv.

Mrs. J. A. Holder will be glad to take your order for wool batts or wool filled comforters at her home on King Street, next to Baptist church. 2t-Adv

Re-embodied

A Story of an American's Experience in a City of the Past

By F. A. MITCHEL

Dwight Wetmore since his return from Europe has gone into a sanitarium. They say that while abroad he received a shock. Before it was considered necessary to retire him he told me a great deal about the cause of his trouble. From talks I had with him I have put together the following narrative:

When in Naples Wetmore went often to visit Pompeii, that ancient Roman city the very site of which was lost for nearly 2,000 years. An eruption of Mount Vesuvius, five miles distant, during the first century of the Christian era covered it with ashes, but during modern times two-thirds of its area has been uncovered.

And now one may walk about in its streets, in which ruts worn in the stones are plainly visible, or go into the houses, in tolerable condition, except their roofs, which have disappeared. Furniture, implements, statuary and mural paintings have been removed to the museum at Naples, where they are inspected by hundreds daily.

Wetmore never tired of roaming about Pompeii or looking at the different articles that had been in use when they were abandoned by the inhabitants fleeing for their lives from the dread volcano. He was naturally a dreamer and loved to sit on the fragment of a wall or a pillar in the exhumed city and picture the scenes that were going on within the range of his vision before the flight began. Fellow travelers passed on to visit other scenes, their places were taken by other tourists, yet Wetmore remained.

One afternoon Wetmore strolled into one of the most spacious as well as one of the best preserved houses in Pompeii—the house of Cassius. Passing over a mosaic pavement in which were inlaid letters composing the word "Welcome," he paused to look at a bronze statue of a dancing fawn in the center of the rectangular basin called the impluvium. In the houses of Pompeii, with an opening above and beneath it, the impluvium was sunk in the ground to catch the rain. The figure danced as lightly as it did when it was made by the heathen artist. From the impluvium Wetmore passed into the garden in the rear.

It was late when Wetmore entered the house of Cassius. Suddenly awakening from one of his day dreams, he remembered that it was about the hour that the gates were closed and started for the exit. But before he could reach it he heard the gate closed and locked. He ran to it, hammered on it and called. Too late. He was locked in.

Wetmore never could give me a satisfactory account of a transition that followed. He said that when he found that he must pass the night in the house of Cassius alone he deplored the discomfort he would be subjected to, but felt no other reluctance. There are no seats in these houses, and Wetmore after loitering till he tired sat down on a slab. He does not say that he fell asleep and dreamed or that he awakened from sleep. He says that in a twinkling while he was feeling a trifle drowsy Cassius' house passed from a ruin to a Roman domicile in perfect condition for use.

So great was the change, so splendid, so richly adorned the edifice, that at first he could not realize that he was in what had been the ruin. He was in a hall painted in bright colors, and at each end were two Corinthian pilasters. Under the opening of the roof above was the impluvium. The light was poor since there were only oil lamps burning.

From the rear came a girl in Roman costume. She was tripping along lightly, humming, when she caught sight of Wetmore. When she recovered somewhat from her astonishment she asked him the very natural question:

"Who are you?"

Wetmore says she spoke in Latin. He was educated in a German university and learned to speak Latin tolerably well, but he says that her pronunciation was so different from any he had ever heard that he found it difficult to understand her. As he progressed he became more used to it.

"Who are you?" the girl repeated, "and what do you here in that strange dress? Are you one of those strange gods they worship in Greece or Egypt?"

"I am no god," replied Wetmore. "I was locked in here"—

"Locked in?"

"Yes, but now—now"— He cast his eyes about him, dazed.

"Are you mortal," asked the girl, "or half mortal, half god? Perhaps you are a faun."

"I am a mortal from"—

It occurred to Wetmore that if this was Pompeii as it had been before the volcano burned it and the girl was a Roman of many centuries ago she would not understand if he told her he had come from a land that was not known to her.

"Beyond the Pillars of Hercules," he added, "there is a land—you would best know it as Atlantis—which is my home. There are millions of people there—a strange people to you, a people who talk to each other from points thousands of miles apart, some on wires, some through the air. They ride in immense coaches—many coaches strung together—and as fast as the fastest wind. Yet there is no horse to draw them."

"Surely these people must be gods."

"No; they are mortals. Lately they have begun to fly through the air like birds. I have looked up from a plain in that country and seen a man far above the clouds soaring on two great wings. Indeed, I have made flights myself."

It was the credulity of the Roman people that created their great network of mythology. A modern girl of, say, the eighteenth century, living before these wonders were even thought of, might have doubted Wetmore's statement. Not so this girl. She sank upon her knees, clasped her hands and bent her eyes to the floor.

"O Apollo," she said (Wetmore is a handsome man), "forgive me that I have dared to look upon your celestial face. If you have flown in the air like a bird you have done a wonder that no person has spoken of in these days or since the sacred fire was committed to the vestal virgins. Did you fly from that strange land across the ocean to the Pillars of Hercules?"

"No; I came in a ship far larger than the greatest trireme—a ship moving without oars or sails."

This seemed to affect the girl as even more of a marvel than flying in the air. She bent her head clean down to the floor.

"O Apollo," she said, trembling, "for I am sure you are he, I fear you have come to work disaster on this house!"

"I assure you I have not."

"Have you come to bring us good fortune, to beat down those evil spirits that would work us ill?"

"I would gladly favor you."

"Then attack these monsters in the mountain who are groaning under the work of preparing to shake it as they did a decade ago, when they destroyed our city."

Wetmore smiled. Then, advancing, he raised the girl, but she dared not look in his face.

"I have no power over such forces. I am not Apollo, nor Jupiter, nor Hercules. I am an ordinary man, one of many men who have learned that these phenomena, which to you are the acts of gods, are mere forces of nature. We have learned that the world is a great globe resting on nothing, whirling around the sun once every year."

"That cannot be. Atlas supports the world. And, as for the sun, it rises in the east and sets in the west, and none but the gods knows where it goes at night."

"What I say I know. I have started eastward from Atlantis, gone around the great globe and come upon Atlantis again from the west."

"And yet you say you are not a god. Then how do you steer your ships across the waters, since between the shores no land is to be seen?"

"We poise a steel needle on a point, so that it swings free. It is always turned to the north."

"And what god points it—Neptune?"

It occurred to Wetmore that any attempt to explain to this one of a people who had a god for every force what even scientists of the present advanced age cannot explain would be futile. "And yet," he said to himself, "even with all our enlightenment, the source of these forces—our one God—is no more intelligible to us than the many gods of the ancients were to them."

"Tell me," said the girl, lowering her eyes, "who is your goddess of love?"

"We have no such goddess."

The girl looked surprised. "Nor Cupid?"

"No Cupid."

"Whence, then, comes love?"

Another point in which we heirs to the past know no more than the ancients.

"Love is sent by God," he replied, with an uncertain tone.

"But I thought you said you have no god for love?"

"The difference between our one God and your many gods is that each of yours controlled a certain power or emotion; our one God controls all. He can move us to love as powerfully as if he had no other work. From heaven, I believe at this moment, comes upon me that which you believe follows from a prick of Cupid's arrow."

"For whom?"

"For you, fair maiden."

She stood as one in a dream. Wetmore was curious to know how she would receive the announcement. He knew that all his efforts to convince her that he was not immortal had been ineffective. What would be her reply to the announcement that she had been chosen by a celestial being? At last, raising her eyes filled with an ineffable pride and happiness, she exclaimed:

"Happy mortal, that I may be the mother of a god!"

This is as far as Wetmore ever got in a clear narration of what he believes to be a meeting with a live Pompeian. Beyond this point he became incoherent. He had evidently been seized with a passion for this heathen maiden, and it was returned, but she faded from him just as he was about to stretch forth his arms to embrace her.

Next he was lying on the stone floor of the house of Cassius, and it was again a ruin. One of the guardians of this city of the past was standing over him.

"How did you get in here?" asked the man in Italian.

Wetmore looked at him, dazed. He had not yet got the vision of this house as it was and the maiden he met in it out of his mind. He made no reply. The man raised him, led him to the railroad station and put him in a train.

At last reports Wetmore is recovering. That is, he is recovering from the effects of his experience, not the experience itself.

MAN'S ARTERIES.

And Some of the Causes That Tend to Make Them Harden.

"A man is as old as his arteries" is a common saying among physicians, which has come to be taken up by the laity. Dr. Herbert C. Clapp of Boston in the New York Medical Record comes forward with an article declaring that worry is a common cause of arteriosclerosis, the hardening of the arteries is not infrequently considered as one of the customary and proper accompaniments of a ripe old age—sometimes even of middle life—it is not universally so, and that even at fourscore years, as proved by autopsies, the arteries have been found to be perfectly sound. He cites the case of the champion old man, Thomas Parr of England, who died at the advanced age of 152 and whose arteries were found by Harvey—who discovered the circulation of the blood—on examination after death to be perfectly sound.

Dr. Clapp says that within certain limits the arteries do not harden because they are old, but are old because they are diseased. Among causes for arteriosclerosis he gives overeating, excessive muscular strain and excessive brain work. Worry produces functional disturbances and undue blood pressure. This brings with it arteriosclerosis. He holds that most worries are indulged in without an adequate reason, therefore, and cites the following quotation: "I am an old man and have had many troubles, but most of them never happened."

POPPING CORN.

Why the Heat Literally Turns the Grains Inside Out.

A grain of popcorn is filled with tightly packed starch grains. The interior of the grain is divided into a large number of cells, each of which may be likened to a tiny box, the walls whereof are sufficiently strong to withstand considerable pressure from within. Upon the application of heat the moisture present in each little box is converted into steam that finally escapes by explosion.

To obtain a satisfactory popping there is required a very high degree of heat. This causes the greater part of the cells to explode simultaneously. The grain of corn then literally turns inside out and is transformed into a relatively large mass of snow white starch.

If corn be old and dry it will not pop satisfactorily. A few cells near the center of the grain may burst, but the general result will be unsatisfactory. At the base of the kernels, where they are attached to the cob, the cells appear to be driest, and it has been observed that these cells are seldom broken in the popping.

Practically all the popcorn raised for market in this country comes from New England. Great quantities of it are popped, buttered and packed for sale all over the United States.—Harper's Weekly.

An Offer Declined.

Dr. Portal, the favorite medical attendant of Louis XVIII. of France, was offered an unusual reward for his services. Having cured Vestris of a severe illness, the famous dancing master said to him: "My dear doctor, I should never dream of offering you money. Between artists there can be no dealings except those of gratitude. To demonstrate mine, I will give you a valuable hint as to your deportment. I have often noticed that you have a most ungraceful way of carrying yourself. I can remedy that in a few lessons and teach you how to enter a sick room in such a way as to please the most exacting patient. We can begin now if you like." Much to the amazement of Vestris, Portal declined this offer and so lost the esteem of his illustrious patient.

Top Buttonhole of a Coat.

The buttonhole in one's coat does not owe its origin to the once universally worn flower, but to our ancestors' habit of buttoning their coats right up to the neck. Fashion changed, the coat was turned back, forming what the tailor calls the "lapel," and the buttonhole was utilized for the flower, which old portraits tell us was before this time tucked into the waistcoat near the waist, or if a belt were worn, in the belt. The primitive use of the buttonhole is still seen in the overcoat, which has a companion button on the other side for use in rough weather.—London Chronicle.

Plaster Casts.

Those who have plaster casts that they wish to preserve may protect them from dust by brushing them with a preparation of white wax and white soap, half a teaspoonful of each boiled with a quart of rain or other soft water. Use when cold, and when they are dried the casts may be wiped with a damp cloth without injury. To harden casts brush with a strong solution of alum water and brush with white wax dissolved in turpentine. Put the cast in a warm place to dry after using the latter, and it will have a look not unlike that of old ivory.

Had to Creep.

"Why do you say 'A blush crept over the face of the fair plaintiff?'" asks the editor.

"Because," explains the society editor, "there was so much powder on her face the blush had to creep or else it would raise too much dust!"

The Clever Ones.

Griggs—Some men are born great, others achieve greatness. Briggs—Yes; and others simply have the trick of making other people think they're great.

BAZAARS OF CAIRO.

The Curious Tiny Shops and the Narrow, Swarming Streets.

The bazaars of Cairo are very interesting. The streets are exceedingly narrow, and the stores of the merchants are often no larger than a good sized cupboard, without doors, but with shelves on which the goods are displayed. The merchants squat down on a little platform in front. You see here the workers in gold and silver, weavers of silk fabrics and slipper makers, doing their work in the same way it was done hundreds of years ago. The oldest bazaar is that of the scentmakers. They have a whole street to themselves, and when you get within a hundred yards or so the only guide you need is your nose.

These narrow streets are crowded with a ceaseless throng of natives: women with veiled faces; men, women and children on donkeys; curious flat carts drawn by donkeys, on which squat women enshrouded in black—nothing visible but one eye, and occasionally along comes a great lumbering camel, quite as large as half a dozen of the native shops. Cabmen drive past with studied indifference to life and limb, and rather than get hurt you crowd yourself into a bunch of natives, at the risk of having your pocket picked or being covered with vermin.—Christian Herald.

OUR BIG REPUBLIC.

It's Quite a Way From Maine to the Aleutian Islands.

On the British empire the sun never sets. In the short summer nights it never sets on the American republic. San Francisco is the middle city in our territory. It is literally true that in August the sunset has not ceased to flash on the spears of the fishermen in the Aleutian islands before it begins to glint and blaze on the axes of the woodsmen in the forests of Maine.

Roll up the map of New England! Unroll that of your whole country! How large is Texas? You could bury in it the German empire and have room enough left for England and Wales. How large is California? You could bury in it England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales and have room enough left for Switzerland and Belgium.

How large is Colorado? You could bury in it Norway and have room enough left for Denmark. How large is Iowa? You could bury in it Portugal and Switzerland. How large is Lake Superior? You could sink Scotland in it. How large is New York? You could bury in it Belgium and Switzerland and Greece.—Joseph Cook.

Her Property.

Now and again things happen on the football field which go to add to the gayety of the nation. On one occasion, for instance, during a certain league match in the north, the referee somehow managed to lose his whistle. There was not another whistle to be found, and it seemed that the game would have to come to a sudden and inglorious end, until the referee hit upon an ingenious scheme. He produced a latchkey from his pocket and managed to toodle merrily enough on it till suddenly, as he approached the touch line a woman's shrill voice was heard exclaiming:

"Fred, come here at once. Where did you get that latchkey?"

As he listened to the guffaw which went up from the assembled crowd that referee was the most sheepish looking man on the ground, and as he thought of the curtain lecture looming ahead his heart became like lead within his bosom.—London Answers.

A Puzzling Trick.

Take a piece of writing paper about three inches square and with a lead pencil, the point of which has been dipped in water, draw a circle, a square, a triangle or any other geometrical figure. Put the paper carefully on a pan of water, letting it float and leaving the surface dry. Carefully drop water on the surface of the paper until the space within the figure is filled. The moistened pencil lines will keep it from flowing outside the figure. Now place the point of a pin over some point in the figure near the edge. The pin point must penetrate the surface of the water, but must not touch the paper. At once the paper will float around until the pin points directly to the center of the figure. See if you can find out why it does this.

Rats and Water.

Government experiments show that rats can live an indefinite time without water. Three of the animals were put on a diet consisting of bread, meat and cheese, but no water, and all were alive and well sixty days after the experiment was begun. On the fifteenth day one was given an opportunity to drink, but made no attempt to do so. When kept without food, but with water, one rat lived three days, and of six rats deprived of both food and water all died within periods ranging from two to five days.—Chicago News.

Hope and Joy.

Hope, of all passions, most befriends us here. Joy has her tears, and transport has her death. Hope, like a cordial, innocent, though strong, man's heart at once inspirits and serenes, nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys.—Young.

What Troubled Him.

"I've tried all kinds of health foods, but none of them seems to fit my case."

"What is it you are troubled with?"

"An appetite."—Boston Transcript.

A man should make sacrifices to keep clear of doing wrong; sacrifices will not undo it when it is done.

WHAT IS DIRT?

How the Question Was Answered by a Professor of Chemistry.

An old college professor used to say to his students: "What is dirt? Don't be afraid of a little dirt, young gentleman. What is dirt? Why, nothing at all offensive when chemically viewed. Rub a little alkali upon that dirty streak upon your coat, and it undergoes a chemical change and becomes soap. Now rub it with a little water, and it disappears. It is neither grease, soap, water nor dirt.

"That is not a very odorous pile of dirt you observe there. Well, scatter a little gypsum over it, and it is no longer dirty. Everything you call dirt is worthy of your notice as students of chemistry. Analyse it, analyse it! It will all separate into very clear elements.

"Dirt makes corn, corn makes bread and meat, and that makes a very sweet young lady that I saw one of you kissing last night. So, after all, you were kissing dirt, particularly if she whitened her skin with chalk or fuller's earth.

"There is no telling, young gentlemen, what is dirt, though I may say that rubbing such stuff upon the beautiful skin of a young lady is a dirty practice. Nice, pearly face powder is made of bismuth—nothing but dirt."—Exchange.

MIXED WIVES.

The Dilemma That Mr. Church Faced and How He Mastered It.

In the early part of the last century there lived in an old New England town a Mr. Church, who in the course of his early life was bereft of four wives, all of whom were buried in the same lot.

In his old age it became necessary to remove the remains to a new cemetery. This he undertook himself, but in the process the bones became hopelessly mixed.

His "New England conscience" would not allow him under the painful circumstances to use the original headstones, so he procured new ones, one of which bore the following inscription.

"Here lies Hannah Church and probably a portion of Emily."

Another:

"Sacred to the memory of Emily Church, who seems to be mixed with Matilda."

Then followed these lines:

Stranger, pause and drop a tear,
For Emily Church lies buried here,
Mixed in some perplexing manner
With Mary, Matilda and probably Hannah.

—Exchange.

A Bit of English Humor.

An English humorist many years ago hit upon a neat way of scoring against certain politicians of the times. A comic journal, not being a newspaper within the meaning of the act, was prohibited from giving news, and so in place of a parliamentary report the humorist in question reported a few "first lines" from speeches by prominent members: "Sir Charles Wetherell said he was not sensible"— "Mr. Hunt was entirely ignorant"— "Lord Ashley said he should take the earliest opportunity of moving"— "Mr. Perceval presented a petition praying"— "Colonel Sibthorpe never could understand"— "Lord Lyndhurst said he must entreat of every one to give him credit"— "Sir Edward Sugden was not one of those who thought"— "Mr. Croker said he had the fullest assurance"—

Wonderful Fiddles.

One of the greatest fiddles that ever were known was to be seen at the French court at the time of Charles IX. This was a viol so large that several boys could be placed inside of it. These boys used to sit inside this queer instrument and sing the airs that the man who handled the bow was playing on the viol outside. The effect is said to have been very beautiful, though it would seem as if the presence of the lads in its interior would seriously interfere with the tone of the "great fiddle," as it was called. Many years after another huge instrument of this kind was used at concerts in Boston. It was so large that to play it the fiddler had to stand on a table to use his bow at the proper point on the strings. This instrument was called "the grandfather of fiddles."

Columbia River Thrice Named.

The Columbia river has had three names. It was first called the Oregon. Afterward it was called the St. Roque, but when it was discovered by Robert Gray in 1792 it was given the name of his vessel, the Columbia, in place of the two floating appellations, Oregon and St. Roque. According to Whitney, the original name of the river was the Oregon, "big ear" or "one that has big ears," the allusion being to the custom of the Indians who were found in its region of stretching their ears by boring them and crowding them with ornaments.

Both Hate Him.

"Funny thing," remarked Wilson musingly. "Tom Wilkins and Edith Brown used to be great friends of mine. I introduced them to each other. They got married, and now neither of them will speak to me. Wonder what the reason can be?"

Sometimes They Are.

Little Sister—What are goose eggs in a baseball game? Big Brother—Innings in which no runs are made. Why do you ask? Little Sister—Oh, I thought they were laid by the fouls of the game.—Chicago News.

How well you like matters, and not how long.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW. All legal business soon given prompt attention.
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HOTELS

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.
F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.
This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL
JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

C. J. Vanblad
Practical Horseshoer
We are pleasantly located in our new building on Water Street, where we are prepared to do all kinds of
HORSESHOEING
and
BLACKSMITHING
in a satisfactory manner.

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New York Counts,
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MEATS
FRESH and SALT.
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STRONG
when you need those new
MANTLES AND GLOBES
after housecleaning.
I carry everything in that line at all prices.
E. W. STRONG

ADVERTISING RATES.
Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per inch, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.
Local reading notices and legal advertising, 7½ cents per line for each insertion.
Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.
Executors' and administrators' notices $3.00 each.
Address all communications to
HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 28, 1912.

The biggest gun in the world is to be placed at one entrance to the Panama Canal. May its presence guarantee fulfillment of the hope that it may never be needed.

The jury in the cases of Joseph Ettor, Arturo Giovannitti and Joseph Caruso, charged with responsibility for the murder of Anna Lopizzo in a strike riot at Lawrence, Mass., last winter, Tuesday morning returned a verdict of not guilty.

At Goshen, N. Y., on Tuesday the jury in the case of Attorney Burton W. Gibson, charged with the murder of his client, Mrs. Rosa Mensclk Szabo, on Greenwood lake, last July failed to agree on a verdict and were discharged by Judge Tompkins.

The four gunmen, Louis Rosenberg, alias Rosenweifi, alias Lefty Louis; Frank Muller, alias Whitey Jack Lewis; Harry Horrowitz, alaias Gyp the Blood, and Frank Cirofico alias Dago Frank ound guilty o tfhe murder of Gambler Herman Rosenthal, were this morning sentenced to die in the electric chair in Sing Sing prison some time during the week of January 6, 1913. Justice Goff, who presided over their trial, pronounced the fateful words.

Gov. Tener was requested today by a committee representing residents of Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and Harrisburg to lay before the Legislature the necessity for a girls' reformatory along lines of that for boys at Huntington. The joint committee presented a statement of conditions, pointing out that girls when convicted must be sent to jails or penitentiaries and do not have an opportunity for training such as is presented by a reformatory. The governor agreed to give the subject consideration.

Brother Lindsley of the Democrat has announced that he is a candidate for postmaster of this borough under the administration of Woodrow Wilson. Editor Lindsley, although he has not taken very kindly to the reformed Democracy, has given his best efforts to the cause of Democratic principles with but little if any reward. If long and faithful service counts for anything he is entitled to this appointment and as the political rewards to newspaper men are altogether too scarce we hope he will be successful in landing this plum.

The Eldred Eagle now makes the claim that it supported Woodrow Wilson in the late campaign and therefore claims a great victory. But in the same article it says that the Socialists party is the only real party of the people. If the Eagle feels that way it was its duty to give its support to Socialism and we took it from the amount of space it gave to Mr. Debs' party that it was supporting him. It surely gave more space favoring Socialism than to Democracy and therefore we supposed it was supporting its choice as most real independent newspapers do.

The popular vote for president in the elections of 1912 shows that Wilson polled throughout the country a total of 6,156,748 votes; Roosevelt, 3,928,140, and Taft, 3,376,422. The Socialist vote for Debs amounted to 673,783, with the Socialist count still unfinished in seven states, and the Prohibition vote for Chafin foots up 160,644 with 13 states missing. In 1908 Bryan's popular vote was 6,393,182 and that of Taft, 7,637,676. The returns on which these figures are based are partly official and partly unofficial. The vote in Pennsylvania was: Wilson, 395,619; Roosevelt, 444,426; Taft, 273,305.

The State Livestock Sanitary Board through its Secretary, Dr. C. J. Marshall, State Veterinarian, has ordered the prosecution of Dr. Lewis Dreisbach, a veterinarian located at Schuylkill Haven, Schuylkill county, on the charge of violating the Act of March 30, 1905, by not reporting to the State officials cases of dangerous infectious diseases of animals. The law requires veterinarians immediately upon gaining information of the existence of any dangerous infectious diseases among animals to report same to the State Veterinarian. It it charged that Dr. Dreisbach failed to report several horses affected with glanders. This is an extremely dangerous disease for the reason that it is easily transmitted to man, as well as to horses and mules. Glanders is an incurable disease.

[illegible] to the insane asylum on Friday after a commission of alienists adjudged him insane. When Lake Winnebago came into view he was asked if he was fond of hunting and replied with a smile: "Only of bull moose." He declared he would not harm Colonel Roosevelt if the opportunity again offered itself. Schrank has not changed in demeanor since sentence was pronounced. His disease, pronounced chronic paranoia and probably incurable, may result in his spending the rest of his life in the asylum. However, should he ever be pronounced cured he will be returned to Milwaukee and tried for the attempt on Mr. Roosevelt's life.

There are millions of people waiting to see what the newly chosen president will do after he assumes the executive authority of the nation the fourth of March next. There are perhaps almost as many millions hardly less interested to know what will be the social life of the presidential mansion after the new occupants are installed. That it will be of a character to command public approval and very likely admiration there are few to doubt, says the Boston Transcript, and that is a feature of an administration which does not always receive the recognition and appreciation it deserves. There have been few instances when the ladies of the White House have not risen to the demands to the position; fewer still when they have not been found worthy of the distinction which they were called upon to share.

Hunting accidents are again being reported in nearly every exchange we pick up and a vast majority of them are among boys altogether too young to be allowed to handle a gun. There are state laws forbidding the sale of guns and ammunition to boys under sixteen years of age but that law avails nothing. There is but one way to prevent a large percentage of these accidents and that is to pass a hunters license law which will not allow the issuing of licenses to boys under sixteen years of age. Such a law alone would not stop the slaughter of youths but it would provide money to put game wardens in various parts of the state and thereby assist in enforcing the laws regarding illegal hunting of all kinds and therefore boys under age going out in the woods would probably be apprehended before they got a chance to kill themselves or their more youthful companions.

Mrs. Hatty Green, the richest woman in the world and perhaps the best known business woman alive, was 78 years old last Thursday. The fortune is estimated at $100,000,000 and if popular estimates are correct her fortune exceeds by some $20,000,000 or more that of Mrs. Russell Sage, who is reckoned the second richest woman in the world. The wealth of Mrs. Green is widely diversified. Her real estate holdings fairly freckle the face of the country. Her property in New York City amounts to millions, while in Boston, where the foundation of her immense fortune was laid years ago by real estate investments, she still possesses entire streets of residence and business property. Her mortgages embrace some of the safest properties in a chain of cities extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Railroads, steamboats, traction roads, mines of gold, silver and iron, telephones and telegraphs, all contribute to her income, and it is her proud boast that not one investment is a losing proposition.

A terrible panic was caused at Balboa, Spain Saturday afternoon by the cry of fire at a moving picture show. About 50 children and others were killed. The number of injured is not known, as most of them were taken home by friends. The scene of the accident is a large circus which had been converted into a continuous cinematograph show. As the price of admission was only two cents, the building was crowded to its utmost capacity, for the most part with women and children. The operator of the machine lost his nerve when a film ignited and screamed "Fire!" He was able to extinguish the flames without difficulty but the effect of his cry upon the audience was instantaneous. Women and children crowded for the exits. Police and attendants were swept away by the surging mass. Scores were knocked down and trampled and many were crushed to death in the passages from the galleries and to the streets. Crowds gathered outside and the authorities had great difficulty in extricating the dead and injured from the piles of wrecked seats. The manager and other employees have been arrested.

If the state of things at the Philadelphia Hospital for the Insane are as bad as indicated by the inquiry into the death of an inmate through brutal treatment, it is a condition that [illegible] disgraceful, for, seemingly, the testimony thus far offered seems to indicate that this is the case, and, far from being exceptional, it appears to have been quite the usual thing. There is no more pitiable object, none which appeals more powerfully to the sympathies, than that of a man or woman bereft of his or her mental faculties, and dependent to a greater extent than those physically disabled upon their caretakers. Their very misfortune should make them objects of the most tender solicitude. Degradation has reached its lowest depths when any course opposed to this is followed. The facts as brought out by the coroner since the death of Ulmer have aroused an indignation that should not be allowed to subside until those who are responsible for that death, and for the conditions that exist in the institution, are punished for their brutality.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

BEATS USING FERRETS.

The Rubber Hose Idea Adopted by an Oil City Hunter.

Hunting rabbits with a dog and a common, ordinary piece of rubber hose is the latest fad among Oil City sportsmen, says the Derrick. It has been tried and its success demonstrated by a well known hunter, who hesitates to permit the use of his name, because as he explains its simplicity as a means of catching rabbits will result in its adoption generally. It is a labor saving device and even the most slothful man in town can secure as much game as the energetic crack shot, who is willing to tramp the hills and valleys for hours in order to "get a shot." When the system comes into general use country people will feel safer and even lease workers will no longer find it necessary to take to the clearings when they see a city man equipped with a gun and the latest style of hunting togs. The invention—for the hunter is seriously thinking of making application to the patent office—does not eliminate the dog. This still remains the most necessary part of the outfit.

After the dog drives bunny into the hole the hunter slips one end of his rubber speaking tube into the opening where his quarry disappeared, putting the other end to his mouth and yells. The unusual noise causes the rabbit to emerge and the hunter grabs it as it comes forth.

This method has many advantages over the old way: Its economy will appeal to all hunters, no gun or ammunition to buy and the captive is not filled with shot. Incidentally there is nothing in the game laws of the State that forbids the use of a rubber hose. The inventor of the method recently brought home three rabbits after being in the woods less than two hours.

ADVERTISED LETTERS

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending November 23d, 1912.

Dey, Rey.
Smith, Mrs. L. C.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

CASH PAID
for all kinds furs, ginsing, bees-wax, old rubber and all kinds of metals.
4t-Adv. C. H. Gleason.

WANTED
Boys at the Berney-Bond Glass factory. tf-Adv.

[illegible]—I just cashed a check for $500. Better take it all. You'll use it more wisely than I. Get yourself a new dress or something. I blow every cent I have loose. You're the economist of this family. I am sure I don't know how many times we'd be in bankruptcy if it wasn't for you, dear. —New York Times.

The Bride's Pie.

The "wedding cake" of today was formerly called the "bride pie" and in some regions was regarded as so essential an adjunct to the marriage celebration that there was no prospect of happiness without it. It was always circular in shape, covered with a strong crust and garnished with sweetmeats. It was the proper thing for the bridegroom to wait on the bride in serving the cake; hence the term "bridegroom."

Not News to Him.

"Oh, my boy, my boy! When I was your age I had never seen the inside of a theater, I had never tasted a cocktail, and I had never lost money on a bet of any kind."

"I know, dad. Grandmother says you were the runt of the family and always very backward."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Gravity.

A precocious child who had been attending one of the public kindergartens fell from a ladder. Her mother caught her up from the ground in terror, exclaiming:

"Oh, darling, how did you fall?"

"Vertically," replied the child without a second's hesitation.—Satire.

A Clever Ruse.

Mr. A.—Norah seems quite gone on the postman. Mrs. A.—Gone! Do you know what that girl does? She mails herself a post card every evening so as to make sure he'll call the next morning.—Boston Transcript.

Always Wanting Something.

Eve—I want— Adam—You are always wanting something. You are no rib; you are a wishbone.—New York Press.

A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds.—Bacon.

WANTED
All your Upholstering and Repairing of
OLD FURNITURE
Putting in new rounds, rockers, painting and paperhanging. Old frames made to look like new, in short, all kinds of painting and repairing done in the latest and most approved styles.
J. H. WILSON

WHY SHOULD I BUY
My Clothing of
Kleinhans
Buffalo ?
1st—Because their tremendous business gives them a big advantage in buying their goods, thus enabling them to save you from $2.50 to $5.00 on any garment you select.
2nd—Because owing to their large stocks they are able to carry every size and proportion in suits and overcoats, thus enabling you to get a perfect fit without delay.
3rd—Because they refund railroad fares 40 miles round trip on purchases of $25.00, and 80 miles round trip on purchases of $50.00; thus enabling you to visit them without expense.
The Kleinhans Co
Buffalo's Greatest Clothiers
Main, Clinton and Washington Sts.

Agency for Ladies Home Journal Patterns
ADAM, MELDRUM & ANDERSON CO.
396-408 MAIN STREET, BUFFALO, N. Y.
All purchases delivered within 100 miles Free of Charge. Railroad fares refunded to out of town customers.
A Great December Sale
Commencing Monday, Dec. 2. 1912, you can buy seasonable merchandise at some of the greatest savings of the year.
$4.50 and $5.00 Queen Quality Shoes, $2.59
$3.00 and $3.50 Queen Quality Shoes, $1.95
A Mammoth Sale of Fine Silks
Women's Suits and Coats Greatly Reduced
Specials in Knit Sweaters, Caps, Etc.
And hundreds of other items of importance in every department of the store. This is your big opportunity to save on needed articles, many useful Christmas presents can also be purchased now.
Come to the Adam, Meldrum & Anderson Co's. store.
Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money will be Refunded

You know that Regals look as a gentleman's shoes *should* look.
You have a pretty strong notion that they are well-built of good materials.
You have intended for a long time to give Regals a trial.
Then begin now with this GOTHAM MODEL.
Moderate heel and toe, roomy and comfortable—but Beau Brummel himself would be proud to wear it.
It will give the wear and satisfaction that hevalbuilt Regal soles up into the millions.

Black Smooth King Calf Blucher, stout sole.
Price, $4.00
REGALS
H. W. RUBIN,
THE RELIABLE CLOTHIER.

Smethport Lyceum
THURSDAY DECEMBER 5
JOHN W. VOGEL'S
BIG CITY
MINSTRELS
Forming in its entirety the Biggest, Best and most complete Minstrels in existence
DIFFERENT FROM ALL OTHERS
—THE BEST BY TEST
NEW ORIGINAL FIRST PART.
The greatest Gathering on the Globe of America's Sweetest Singers, Clever Dancers and Funny Comedians. A New Show with New Features.
Concert Band of Picked Soloists and a Grand Symphony Orchestra.
Seats on sale Tuesday at Well's Drug Store.
Prices 25c, 35c, 50c and a few at 75c.

RESILIO
Is recognized at the greatest substitute for air in automobile tires yet discovered.
It removes all tire troubles and rides as easy as air, as well as doubling the life of your casings.
During the winter season have your tires filled and be ready for the most pleasant year of automobiling in your life—the season of 1913.
For prices and other particulars inquire of
PENN TIRE FILLER CO., Coudersport, Pa
OR
BACKUS NOVELTY CO., Smethport, Pa.,
Sole agents for McKean County.

SANTA CLAUS at WELL'S DRUG STORE
Brand New Stock. Save 25 to 33⅓ per cent. Watch our Window.
Some of the New Up-to-Date Gifts We Offer Are

Jewel Cases	Stationery	Perfumes
Hand Bags [adult and infant]	Post-card Albums	Cigars
Comb and Brush Sets	Music Bags	Hat Brushes
Collar Boxes	Cigar Trays	Portfolios
Cuff Boxes	Ash Trays	Scrap Books
Sewing Boxes	Toilet Sets [ebony stag, etc.]	Paper Knives
Infant Sets	Tourist Sets	Holly Wreaths
Post-card Boxes	Cloth Brush Sets	Cigar Cases
Necktie Boxes	Manicure Sets	Novelty Gift Boxes
Work Boxes	Mirrors	Holly Sprays
Music Rolls	Baby Records	Post-cards
Card Holders	Xmas Garlands	Gift Books

We have bought these right in the Chicago market and will give our patrons the benefit of our low prices. Wait for our display! It will be worth your time and save you money.
WELLS DRUG STORE

SHOES! SHOES!
This is the place to buy your shoes. We Carry the Finest line of Ladies' and Children's Shoes. Mens' and Boys Shoes in gun metal and patent leather. A big line of working shoes.
Anderson & Carlson,
THE SHOE MEN
Smethport, Penna

Phone No. 2 if you are...

MASSER & GREGORY

A GREAT BIG BEAUTIFUL DOLL

FREE

To the Most Popular Girl.

A vote with every purchase of 50c worth of goods. Every little girl is entitled to enter contest, the one receiving the biggest number of votes will receive a present of a large, beautiful doll value at $10.00. Ask your friends and relatives to vote for you, with a little effort you can receive this handsome Christmas present.

We have a large line of dressed and undressed dolls, games, toys and books which are sure to pleasd the little folks—at prices from 5c to $6.00.

MASSER & GREGORY
SMETHPORT, PA.
Store closes at 6 p. m. excepting Mondays and Saturdays.

The Ohio Combined Coal, Wood and Gas Range

A Perfect Coal or Wood Range, a Perfect Gas Range. The only combination which is sold under a

"GUARANTEE"

to Cook, Bake or Broil with either Coal or Gas.

WE ALSO HANDLE THE
CHAMPION INTERCHANGABLE

DALY & GARLICK
HARDWARE AND PLUMBING

McKean County Miner
Entered at the Postoffice at Smethport, Pa. as second-class mail matter

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 28, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Read the advertisement of Fry & Comes in this issue.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. A. Carson, on Monday, November 25, 1912, a daughter.

—Miss May Choate has been confined to her home on King street for the past week with a severe cold.

—Miss Norine Kidder fell and sprained her ankle Tuesday afternoon while on her way home from school.

—Masser & Gregory will give a big doll to some one of their customers. Read their advertisement for particulars.

—The W. C. T. U. will meet at the residence of Mrs. Howard Hall, Mill street, next Tuesday afternoon at 3:30.

—Mrs. Scott F. Redfield entertains the Bridge Whist Club at her home on West Main street this (Wednesday) evening.

—Miss Rachael Mayo entertained a large party of ladies at bridge whist at the Travellers' club house Saturday evening.

—At the Baptist church next Sunday Rev. R. J. Cunningham will preach at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.

—The new addition to the Church of the Ascension in Bradford was dedicated by Rev. Rogers Israel, Bishop of the Erie diocese, on Sunday last.

—"The Millionaire's Wife" held the boards at the Smethport Lyceum last Thursday evening. It is a very ordinary drama played by ordinary players and the audience was fairly well pleased.

—Mrs. R. S. Quigley, of Lock Haven shot and killed a 70-pound buck at McCluris Springs, Clinton county, on Monday. This is the first deer Mrs. Quigley ever shot but she has killed a large amount of smaller game.

—It is reported that a small fawn was shot at the head of Potato creek last week. Game Warden Hogarth has been making an effort to get sufficient evidence to make an arrest but thus far he has been unable to do so.

—The unmarried members of the S. F. Redfield Publishing Co. force held a banquet at the Travellers' club house Monday evening. An elaborate dinner was served at six o'clock and the evening was spent playing cards.

—A lot of fellows who kick like thunder at a 25-cent increase in the price of coal would feel very much insulted if anyone should suggest to them that they ought to cut out paying a dollar for a "round" every day or so.

—The big Babcock Optimus press and the Dexter folder for the Redfield Publishing Company are being installed this week and Mr. Redfield hopes to have his plant in shape to print the February issue of The Boys' Magazine.

—At the regular meeting of the Mens' Bible Class of the M. E. church, Sunday, officers for the ensuing year were elected. Other business of importance will be finished next Sunday and all members are urged to be present.

—The campaign for the sale of Red Cross Seals in Smethport was opened to-day. Mr. B. F. Starsky, the local agent, has received the seals and is placing them among the stores. Additional supplies may be procured from Mr. Starsky.

—R. K. Knapp, a former resident of this place, has received a government appointment in the printing department in Washington, D. C., and is now pleasantly located in that city, which is pleasing news to his numerous friends in this place.

—The Annual Fair of St. Christopher's Guild will be held at St. Luke's Parish House on Wednesday, Dec. 4th, at 5 o'clock. At 5:30 a chicken supper will be served for 35c. Delicious candy and cooked food will be on sale and the children can enjoy the fish pond.

—The Bradford Theatre has three good attractions this week: "Baby Mine," Thanksgiving matinee and night; Edna May Spooner in "The Price She Paid," Friday evening, and "Bought and Paid For" Saturday matinee and night. All are high class productions.

—Mrs. George H. Denning entertained a party of small boys on Saturday afternoon in honor of the eighth birthday of her son, Master Gerald Denning. He was the recipient of many presents and Mrs. Denning and Miss Rita Denning served an excellent supper to which the guests did ample justice.

—Miss Mary Amster, the fifteen-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Amster, underwent a surgical opertion for appendicitis at her home on Bank street last Saturday morning. Drs. Benninghoff and Hogan, Bradford formed the operation. Miss Amster is getting along nicely which will be pleasing news to all.

—The Smethport Athletic Club, newly organized, has now a first-class Basket Ball team and games will be played Friday nights at the Lyceum. The manager, Geo. J. Chase, Box 567, Smethport, would be glad to hear from teams from nearby towns. Expenses will be payed to amateur

—Dr. Sipes of Pittsburg, who was the guest of Dr. H. L. Medley last week, has returned to his home.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott F. Redfield returned home last Friday from a visit to New York and other cities.

Miss Mame Colegrove and Miss Eva Heffman were the guest of Buffalo friends from Friday until Monday.

"Dr." Earl Potter Hafner of the Willard Asylum at Willard, N. Y., is home for the Thanksgiving vacation.

Mrs. H. H. Redfield and daughter and Mrs. W. R. Van Dyke were Buffalo visitors the latter part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy McCoy are the Thanksgiving guests of Mrs. McCoy's parents, the Rev and Mrs. Dunbar at Port Allegany.

Ed Whitelaw has gone to Detroit where he has accepted a position with the Studebaker Corporation in their automobile department.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Wolters and daughter of Manistee Michigan are the guest of the former's mother, Mrs. Alice McClure on Cemetery street.

Mrs. C. H. Gleason and daughter, Miss Mildred, left today for Springville, N. Y., to spend Thanksgiving. They will be gone for one week.

Mr. and Mrs. Orlo J. Haamlin, Mr. and Mrs. Scott F. Redfield, Mr. and Mrs. Guy H. McCoy, and T. Harry Pan coast were Buffalo visitors this week.

Mrs. T. F. Williams and son, Crosby, have returned to their home in Butler, Pa., after visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Chuseman, for sometime.

Mrs. H. W. Rubin and daughter, Stella, returned home after a visit to their daughter and sister, Mrs. Sol Marks, at Renova.

Col. and Mrs. Mellville M. Gillette, Dr. and Mrs. J. V. McAlpin and Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Redfield were in Bradford Tuesday night and attended the dance given by Company C in their new Armory.

Miss Edna Heilmann left Saturday for Chicago, where she will visit her cousin Mrs. Fred Fhear and from there to Chatsworth, Ill., to spend the winter with her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. George J. Walter.

A Genuine Comedian

Tommy Donnelly, "that phunny pheller" with John W. Vogel's Big City Minstrels which comes to the Lyceum Theatre Thursday, Dec. 5, is a wonder. Mr. Donnelly is unique as a monologue artist, as he possesses a singing voice of much clarity and sweetness something very few in his special line of stage work enjoy.

He is as clever as the best and performs it with much more ease than any other performer in his line. He responds to his encores and exhausts his responses to the audience. Wherever Mr. Donnelly appears he wins a loyaal clientele. Adv.

Clarion State Normal School.

The winter term of the State Normal School at Clarion will open January 3d. Tuition is free to persons who intend to teach.

The school is located in one of the best educational towns in the country. It can be reached by the Baltimore and Ohio, the Pennsylvania and New York Central lines. For catalog address

HARRY M. SHAFER, Prin.
—Adv. Clarion, Pa.

—Miss Josephine Balfaur is having an Xmas sale of fancy articles and art needlework in Metropolitan Bldg., —Room 33—Olean, N. Y. 1t-Adv

Jap Dandruff Cure

Money back for empty bottle if not as guaranteed. Sold by E. E. HEATH & SON. 3m-Adv.

PERSONAL MENTION.

W. C. Daly was an Olean visitor last Friday.

Miss Chloe Lyle was down from Hazelhurst Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney A. Burdick are

Mrs. T. H. Morrison was a Bradford visitor last Friday.

Buffalo visitors this week.

Miles Allen, of Port Allegany had business in town last Friday.

Kenneth Mayo and Harry Rubin are spending Thanksgiving in Buffalo.

Mrs. R. C. Gleason is the guest of her father T. H. Ryan, in Kane.

Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Gillette were Bradford visitors last Thursday.

Dr. Burg Chadwick made a professional visit to Clermont last Friday.

Allen Hatch, of Cleveland, Ohio, is the guest of relatives and friends in town.

T. H. Pancoast of New York City, was the guest of friends in town over Sunday.

T. H. Morrison had business in Kane and Bradford last Thursday and Friday.

Mrs. F. N. Brown of Larrys Creek, Pa., is visiting her sister, Mrs. William Hafner.

John Newton of Port Allegany was a business visitor in town the latter part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. V. B. Bouton and son, Ned, returned home Saturday from a

R. E. DIAMENT
SUCCESSORS TO
J. S. McCarthy

Everything in the line of

Fresh Meats
Salt Meats
Oysters and Fish
Canned Goods

Courteous and careful treatment given to all old and new customers.

R. E. DIAMENT,
Smethport, Pa.

Arrow Shirts

FRY & COMES

Store Closed 6 p. m. Excepting Mondays and Saturdays.
STORE CLOSED THANKSGIVING DAY, NOV. 28.

We are ready to supply your cold weather needs with a store full of carefully selected new fall goods.

If you have delayed getting the new Winter Coat, Suit or Set of Furs don't wait any long—Stocks will soon be broken and assortments not nearly so varied as we say "COME NOW."

CORDED VELVETS

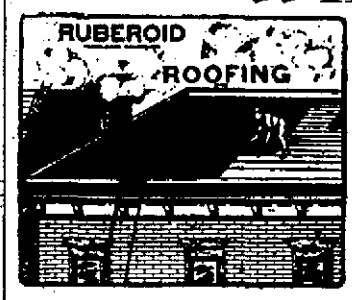
Very much in demand just now for Suits, Coats, and Skirts. We have secured a few pieces of this material which is very scarce on the market just now and while it lasts we offer you an excellent quality of velvet in the following shades: Dark Green—Navy—Garnet—Black—and White; Width 27 inches at $1.

BATH ROBE BLANKETS

Practical Xmas gifts that are sure to please. Large assortment of colors and designs—complete with loops and cords to match, each $4.90 to $4.50.

FRY & COMES
SMETHPORT, - - - - PA

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—To Attempt to Sell Them on the Record and Reputation of

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowleged standard ready to lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stmped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

The Home of QUALITY GROCERIES

What Place Can be more TANTALIZING TO THE KIDS than the pantry with locked doors. Especially

When they know it is filled With Good Things From Our Store! Be patient, until meal time Kids!

Try These, They'll Please!

GEO. WASHINGTON Prepared coffee.
Made in the cup.
Does not contain chicory or any other adulterant.

ARTIS BROTHERS
PLUM PUDDING
Just the thing to complete that Sunday Dinner.

F. W. BROWNELL
PHONE 7

IF YOU WANT TO APPEAR STYLISH YOU WANT A
Henderson Corset

So Come To Our STORE For Your Next CORSET

HENDERSON
Reducing Corset

THE BISETT STORE
Thanksgiving Dinner Cards Shown now.

Cheaply Constructed Clothes

are not cheap at any price. When you want to buy an OVERCOAT or a good suit, take no chances.

Most Everybody has heard that HART SCHAFFNER & MARX make some of the swellest clothes in America—have you heard it? Whether you have or not it will certainly be worth a little of your time to let us show you a line of $15.00 to $25.00

Overcoats and Suits made by Hart Schaffner & Marx of Chicago. We invite you, to look.

WM. MONHEIMERS'
THE WORKING MAN'S STORE.

SOUTHERN VIEW FARM.

A Dairy Farm in This County That is a Money Maker.

Mt. Jewett Herald: One of the conclusions very generally held throughout this section is, that the business of farming is not a paying one. That is, while a man may take a number of acres of land, and by hard and continuous work eke out an existence for himself and the members of his family, provided said members also put a hand to the hoe, farming as a business proposition cannot, or will not return a profit. And while this conclusion is firmly held insofar as general farming is concerned, it is yet more firmly held with regard to dairying and raising of stock—our short summers and long winters being advanced as reasons for this conclusion.

Under the circumstances, and in view of these conclusions, it is with more than a little pleasure that the Herald again turns its attention to the story of the soil—the source of all real wealth; the source of most real happiness; the one story of which the man behind the gun never tires, but which to him is ever new, ever more and yet more substantial, sweet, clean and ever better.

From time to time as the years have rolled along, it has been the pleasure and profit of the Herald man to pay an occasional visit to Southernview Guernsey Dairy Farm, the property of A. B. Armstrong, of Smethport, located in the Potato Creek valley about midway between Farmers Valley postoffice and Coryville, and there learn beyond all question that the business of conducting a dairy farm in the county at a handsome profit, is among the possibilities thereof—among the possibilities thereof with every atom of "guess" eliminated, and the business brought down to an exact scientific basis. A basis where food, labor, and investment are placed in the scales and weighed against every individual animal on the farm with as great precision as is your every draft made against your deposits of money with your banker.

Southernview Guernsey Dairy Farm embraces 200 acres of excellent red-shale land, such as constitutes a large proportion of this county. Of the total acreage but 150 are under cultivation, and every one of these are devoted to the feeding of the cattle on which comes the milk and by-product to which the owne rturns for his profit on labor and investment.

To begin with the herd at Southernview consists of 40 grade Guernseys, one full blood cow and two full blood Guernsey bulls, one of them a registered animal, standing at the head. The aim is to have the cows come in in the fall, that the cream may be on the market in greatest quantity when butter is at the highest price; and attaining the aim desired, is the rule of life on this farm; about 30 cows being in full milk the year through, turning off 7,000 pounds of butter.

During the summer season the herd is allowed to run to pasture, but for the accommodation thereof during bad weather and through the winter, there is a substantial cow-barn 35x75 feet in size, two stories in height, and equipped throughout with every convenience from swinging stanchions, to an overhead trolley system on which the great pails of milk are conveyed to the combined milk and ice house 20x30 feet in size, which stands nearby, and in which is a separator with a capacity of 1,000 pounds of milk per hour, and an engine which sets it whirling at a speed required to force the cream from the milk by gravitation. In the milk house is also a tester to which is entrusted once each month, a measure of milk from each milking cow of the herd, that the percentage of butter fat may be determined to the last degree, and the question of loss or profit arrived at for each individual cow. The average percentage of butter fat for the Southernview herd is 5, which is very high, and speaks volumes for the management and quality of the stock.

In addition to the buildings mentioned there is also a horse-barn 40x50 feet in size, two stories in height, in which are stabled the work teams of the faarm together with a goodly portions of their rations; a grain barn 46x50 feet; a grist mill 20x30 feet in which is stationed an engine which drives a feed mill for the grinding of all kinds of grain, a corn cutter by which the corn for each of the three 60-ton silos is cut and elevated to the tops of the great tubs from where it falls to its place and is held until winter, when it is fed to the stock and has about the same identical influence on the flow of milk as has pasturage with an added grain ration during the summer season. This engine is also harnessed on occasion to the grind-stone; the saws for cutting wood; the bone-cutter which cuts bone for the poultry, and last, but not least, it carries the hay by a system of ropes and pulleys from the wagons on the ground to the farthest corners of the great, high mows where it lies stored against the days of snow and sleet.

There is also a hog barn 20x40 feet in which resides a fine drove of Berkshires from among which 10 are selected for the butcher each season. Then there is a hen-house also 20x40 feet which is the home of a flock of 150 Plymouth Rocks, which together with a flock of turkeys from which 15 to 20 are selected each year along about Thanksgiving and Christmas, and the huge consumption of skim milk of the farm turning it into money by the shortest route, and in the most profitable manner.

In addition to these there is a handsome and substantial residence of nine sufficient to house the superintendent of the farm, Mr. James Bray, together with his wife and family, and the help required in the operation of the place.

The residence contains every modern convenience; running water be-TWO—Southernview Farm story!?: ing supplied to every building on the place in abundance from a large spring on the hill-side above, and under sufficient head to place it in the bath-room on the second floor of the residence, and to drive the washing machine below. Every building is in an excellent state of repair, and liberally coated with paint.

The system of handling the soil is one of regular three-year rotation;; about 60 acres being under the plow each season. One third of this amount is planted to corn with which to fill the silos; from corn to oats, and then to grass, then back to corn. During the present summer a portion of the acreage has been devoted to a "try" at alfalfa, and the new crop is making an excellent showing. If it proves able to withstand the winter, and do anything like as well in this locality as it has in many others, it will become a regular feature at Southernview.

And now, having given in part the bald facts and figures of this farm as a working proposition, let us delve for a moment into the results—the consequences of this investment, this manufacturing enterprise, to the men behind the guns, Mr. Armstrong and Mr. Bray, for, while the former has invested the necessary money, the latter is, with his family, investing what is more to them, their time, which, finally, means to them their lives.

It is twenty years since Mr. Armstrong purchased the farm, at that time a very ordinary property. But he had faith, and that most uncommon of all commodities, common sense. To-day the investment totals in round figures $10,000, a goodly portion of which stands as re-invested profits in the form of stock, buildings, and increased fertility. And on this capitalization, and for the labor of keeping a set of books in which each head of stock, every acre of land, and every by-product is weighed as carefully as scales and figures may weigh; books in which the daily record of each cow is set down in pounds of milk and percentage of butter fat, and credited against her daily ration, and measures of the total labor—on this capitalization, and for the keeping of this set of books there is a net income of 6 per cent. strong; and over and beyond this a monetary return in the form of higher fertility of every acre each year. A better return in money than is afforded by the majority of manufacturing concerns the country over, and beyond this there is that much more valuable return, the return to the owner of a great measure of satisfaction which springs always as a by-product of a good work well done.

In addition to these returns to the owner, there is another, and one which should not be overlooked, and that is the measure of satisfaction afforded to James Bray and his estimable wife and family from standing as the immediate directing power behind the whole. For years the farm has been their home, and for so many years as they care to have it, so it will continue to be their home; as much their home as it is the farm of the man who holds title to the soil. This because they direct its destinies with the same care as they would exercise if it were, indeed, their own.

From this sketch of Southernview Guernsey Dairy Farm, it is clear that, not only can the business of farming be made to pay a profit, a good profit, on the cash investment in this county of McKean, and over and away beyond that a profit in pleasure, in content, in better living and when all is said and done, what other profit may be measured against this last—the profit of better living; the living of life on the clean, broad acres of a farm.

Twelfth Century Skating.

Skating must have been a difficult art before the introduction of steel blades, yet Londoners used to go in for it as early as the twelfth century. Fitzstephen in his "Description of London," published in 1180, records that "when the great fenne or moore (which watereth the walls of the citie on the north side) is frozen many young men play on the yce; * * * some striding as wide as they may doe slide swiftlie; some tye bones to their feete and under their heeles, and shoving themselves with a little picked staffe do slide as swiftlie as a bird flyeth in the aire or an arrow out of a crossbow."

PAYING THE DUTY.

Custom House Officials Have Some Queer Experiences.

PASSING A SEALSKIN COAT.

The Way the Matter Was Fixed Up With an Appraiser and the Surprise That Awaited the Owner—A Bride, a Ring, a Husband and a Bluff.

The general impression is that the life of a customs inspector is a very dull routine of hardship, but such is not always the case.

The average person believes there is a little romance about the life and unquestionably the tang of the sea, but it almost never occurs to him that it is one of the funniest businesses in the world. The element of humor never enters into the general appreciation of the customs man, but it exists nevertheless.

There is a deputy collector now in the custom house of New York whose experiences in several years are really humorous. He is a grave, solemn looking man, thus bearing out the traditions, but that does not prevent him from enjoying the odd incidents that bob up in his line of duty. Speaking of them, he said:

"I had an odd experience the other day. A young man from an office in Wall street had gone to Europe to be married. In London he bought his wife a ring. He had put it in his declaration at a value of $1,000. He brought his bride to me, and she held out her pretty little pink hand that I might examine the ring. It flashed and sparkled beautifully, but the flashes and sparkles didn't seem quite right, so I asked to be allowed to examine it more carefully. The bride blushingly pulled the ring off and handed it to me. I showed it to an expert appraiser, who promptly declared that it was a fake piece of jewelry worth about $10.

"I sympathized with the young man, and when I got a chance I told him the truth. 'Oh, yes,' he replied. 'I know. You see, I didn't have much money with me, so I bought this for £1 6s., but I had to ring in a bluff on my wife. Don't give me away.' The poor fellow was willing to pay several times the value of the ring to make his bluff good, but we fixed it up for him without his bride knowing the truth.

"Another laughable experience, but more serious for the passenger, happened not long ago. When I boarded a big steamship from Europe I was approached by a man who introduced himself as one who had formerly been collector of one of the most important western ports. I knew him very well by reputation. He was returning from abroad with his family. He explained that he was very wealthy and did not want to evade paying all the duty necessary, but he confided in me that he had a sealskin coat, bought in Paris for his wife, which he had not included in his declaration, knowing that sealskins could not be imported. Nevertheless, just because we were both members of the same fraternity, he wanted to know if there was not some way in which he could get the coat into the country.

"I would have been glad to help him, but didn't see how it could be done. However, I told him I would put the question up to the appraiser at the pier and if the matter could be arranged I would fix it up. The appraiser looked the coat over and told me to put it on the declaration as an imitation sealskin valued at $75. The western man was delighted.

"'That's what I call clever,' he said.

"A few days later I got a letter from this man asking me to call upon him at one of the most fashionable uptown hotels. I went to see him and had luncheon with him and his family. When luncheon was over he made a little golden cone on the table. It consisted of a twenty dollar gold piece, a ten, a five, a three, a two and a half and a one, all in gold. He shoved the stack over to me.

"'Just a souvenir, a reminder of your cleverness in getting that seal coat through for me,' he said.

"I refused to take it, but he tried to press it on me and told me to give it to the appraiser, but I refused. Later, when his family left us, I asked him how much he had paid for the coat in Paris. He said he had paid $1,000. He could hardly believe it when I told him that we had not falsified the declaration, that the coat was an imitation and that $75 was its outside value. He called a bellboy then and there and sent the coat to a furrier to have it appraised. The furrier sent back word that he would sell him all he wanted just like it for $65 each."—New York Herald.

Mirror, Crystal and Sword.

The three symbols of the imperial house of Japan are the mirror, the crystal and the sword, and they are carried in front of the emperor on all state occasions. Each has its significance. "Look at the mirror and reflect thyself," or, in other words, "Know thyself," is the message of the mirror. "Be pure and shine" is the crystal's injunction, while the sword is a reminder to "Be sharp."

A Custom of the Tyrol.

In the Tyrol it is the custom for women and children to come out into the open when it is the latter's bedtime and sing. Their husbands, fathers and brothers answer them from the hills on their way home.

The injuries we do and those we suffer are seldom weighed in the same balance.—Sturmons.

OLD RUSSIAN PROVERB.

Born of One of the Most Tragic Episodes in Muscovite History.

The Russian peasant has a saying which invariably pushes the foreigner. "Die polite and die like Bekovitch."

The proverb refers to one of the most tragic episodes in Muscovite history.

In the early spring of 1717 Prince Bekovitch Cherassi led an armed expedition consisting of 4,000 infantry and 2,000 cavalry into the then almost unknown interior of south central Asia.

His ostensible object was to open up commercial relations with the Khans of Khiva and Bokhara, his real one to see if it were possible to invade India from the north.

The prince, with whom were many officers of the imperial bodyguard, a brilliant company, marched his men across the arid steppes with difficulty and on Aug. 15 halted some eighty miles from the city of Khiva.

The Khivans, ignoring his professions of friendship, attacked in force, but were easily defeated by the better armed and better disciplined soldiers of the czar.

Their khan thereupon resorted to diplomacy. He visited the Russian camp in state, explained that the attack delivered by his people was all a mistake and invited Prince Bekovitch and his principal officers to visit his capital as his guests.

Two days later, at a grand entertainment, the khan toasted his "friends the Russians" and vowed eternal friendship. He also took the opportunity of requesting Prince Bekovitch to divide his army into small detachments for entertainment in the surrounding villages, regretting the inability of his capital to entertain so many guests.

The Russian commander politely agreed to the politely preferred request, the Russian force was broken up, and the khan laughed sardonically.

His turn had come. Early next day he killed Bekovitch and forwarded his head as a gift to the khan of Bokhara. Then he annihilated the Russian army.

WHERE CUPID REIGNS.

Love Making Seems to Be a Sort of Mania in Spain.

Writes one who has traveled much in Spain: "As the majority of Andalusian girls are engaged at the age of seventeen, the senoritas do not go to many dances, for a Spaniard would as soon allow his fiancee to dance with another man as he would let her wear a harem skirt or ride a bicycle. At their parties Spanish girls get unbounded admiration, and a senor who had reached the age of nineteen and talked to a girl without trying to make love to her would be considered gauche in the extreme. The guests are given nothing to eat on these festive occasions, glasses of cold water being simply handed round when they are leaving.

"Love is an all absorbing topic in this amorous land of orange flowers and revolutions. 'In Spain we do not talk of money; we talk of love,' a Spaniard once said to me. He was right, for love is the beginning and end of every Spaniard's thoughts. On the feast days the young men play no games, preferring to stand about and see the girls pass, and in every daily newspaper you will read of duels fought for some fair senorita's favors.

"The typical senor falls in love fifty times a year with a newness and a passion that has in it something of molten lava and is about as durable. A pair of laughing eyes once seen at a window, a glimpse of a pretty face in the street, and he counts his world well lost. Spain is the most marrying country in Europe."—Chicago News.

Snuff as an Eye Opener.

Snuff was once used as an eye liniment. "The Compleat Housewife, or Accomplished Gentlewoman's Companion," which had run into sixteen editions by 1758, extols its virtues. Accomplished gentlewomen who find their sight failing with advancing years are advised to rub "the right sort of Portugal snuff into the eyes night and morning and take it also through the nose." This treatment, it is asserted, "cured Sir Edward Seymour, Sir John Hobbon and Judge Ayres so that they could read without spectacles after they had used them many years."

The Opal, Child of Love.

A sunbeam lingered under a leaf in the forest at sunset, loath to leave so fair a spot, until the moon suddenly rose. Enraptured with the shimmering beauty of a moonbeam, he stood entranced and trembling and could not go. In ecstasy they met and kissed. The sun sank and left him in her arms. The opal is the child of their love. In its fair face are forever mingled the silver of the rising moon and the glory of the sunset.—Anonymous.

A Tennyson Story.

One of Tennyson's friends asked a cabman of Freshwater, "Whose house is that?" Cabman—It belongs to one Tennyson. Friend—He is a great man, you know. Cabman—He is a great man! He only keeps one manservant, and he don't sleep in the house!—Bookman.

Accomplishments.

"My star can wiggle his ears and whistle through his teeth."

"Um."

"Now can you build me a three act comedy around that?"—Kansas City Journal.

Why?

Hewitt—Nature is a wise guy. Jewett—Not always. Why give a porcupine quills when he can't write?—New York Press.

OUR BIG GAME.

Bret Harte's Explanation That Made the Matter Quite Clear.

Bret Harte, the whimsical and brilliant chronicler of Roaring Camp and Poker Flat, used to become weary to exasperation at the foolish admirers who could not separate him from his characters and who insisted on confounding their experiences and predilections with his own.

Hence he wrote of pioneer mining camps in the early days of the gold fever, his characters were often heroic only in part. Indeed, they were quite as often rogues as heroes. As he obviously could not be identified with the rougher types among them, the favorite quotes seemed to be that he was, or had been, a gentleman gambler. With that idea in mind a young Englishman in London once tried hard to get him to describe and explain poker, which he referred to as "your great American game." Mr. Harte conveniently misunderstood him.

"So you say 'great game' over here?" he inquired amiably. "In the United States, now, we call it 'big game'—grizzlies, catamounts, buffalo and bighorn—don't you know. But we don't chase them with pokers. No, no! They're abundant, but they don't often come into the houses, really. It's usually necessary to go outside with a gun."

At another time he learned that a certain noted hostess, whose invitation to dine he had just accepted, had been questioning one of his intimates to learn if it were true that he was a reformed gambler.

"Not reformed," declared Mr. Harte wearily. "Tell her I am beyond reformation. Tell her that I was my own model for the gambler Oakhurst and that the scene of his suicide is pure autobiography."—Youth's Companion.

FREAKS OF DYNAMITE.

One That Was Lucky For the Man Down In the Mine Shaft.

"Not long ago," said a Leadville mining man, "there occurred one of those freaks of dynamite in one of the deep shafts of the Carbonate camp that might not happen again in a thousand years.

"Two men at the bottom of a shaft had put in five four and one-half foot holes which were to be exploded with dynamite cartridges 1½ inches in diameter. As is usual in such cases, they gave the customary signals to the hoisting engineer and after lighting the fuse stepped on the bale of the bucket and started upward. When about ten feet from the bottom one of the men had an epileptic fit and toppled out. His partner tried to reach the bell cord to stop the bucket, but it was too late. The bell cord could be reached only from the lower part of the shaft. When the engineer saw only one man come through the collar of the shaft at the surface his face blanched.

"'Where's Jim?' he asked excitedly.

"Quickly the miner related the circumstances and exhibited his hand, bloody from contact with the sharp rock in an effort to reach the bell cord before the bucket entered the timbering. The men, their hearts beating wildly, listened in suspense for the five explosions of dynamite that would tear their unfortunate comrade to pieces. They heard five faint reports, one after the other. They were simply the detonating caps of the cartridges. Every one of the charges of dynamite had missed fire—failed to explode. I have known of one or even three shots out of five missing, but I don't believe there is another case on record where five missed as providentially as in this case."—Exchange.

A Musical Rebuke.

As to the possibility of humor in music the London Telegraph says: "If composers and performers had more of the sense of humor music's appeal would be immensely wider. The truth is that musical performers are far too apt to take themselves too seriously." The solemn attitude of some musicians toward their art was humorously rebuked recently by a well known New York pianist, who remarked to his gifted wife, also a pianist, at the conclusion of a performance by the latter: "My dear, don't look so doleful! Music isn't a funeral; music is a joke!"

A Very Different Matter.

A Penn avenue business man was taking an employee to task.

"See here! You wrote a personal letter yesterday during business hours. You used your employer's time. That's stealing."

The employee flared back.

"Well, sir," he said, "I have worked overtime at least 100 times a year for the past ten years."

"Ha, hum! That's business."—Pittsburgh Post.

SHERIFF'S SALES

BY VIRTUE of sundry writs of Fieri Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the Borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1912

at 1 o'clock p. m., the following described pieces of property:

1

Defendants' interest in all that certain lot or parcel of land situate in the Second Ward of the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point in the south line of Corydon Street, the northwest corner of E. Mullin's lot; thence forty four (44) feet west along said south line of Corydon Street to a point; thence south seven rods and five feet by a line parallel to the west line of E. Mullin's lot to a point; thence west forty two (42) feet by a line parallel to the south line of Corydon Street to a point; thence north seven rods and five feet by a line parallel with the said west line of E. Mullin's lot to a point in the south line of Corydon Street; thence forty two (42) feet along the south line of Corydon Street, to the place of beginning. Containing 5061 square feet be the same more or less. Being the same land conveyed to Laurentia Boss by Emily V. Dikeman and husband by deed dated April 25th, 1884 and recorded in Deed Book No. 84, page 339, &c. Improved and having thereon erected one two-story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Jennie E. Boss, Annie M. Newell and F. W. Boss at suit of John Bird. Attorney James George.

2

Defendant's interest in all that certain lot or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania bounded and described as follows, to wit: Commencing at a point at the southwest corner of School and Bennett Street, and running thence southerly along a line parallel with Bennett Street, seventy four and one fourth (74¼) feet to a point; thence easterly forty three and one fourth (43¼) feet to a point; thence southerly seventy four and one fourth (74¼) feet to a point; thence westerly along the south side of School Street forty three and one fourth (43¼) feet to the place of beginning. Being lots Nos. 77 and 78, as surveyed in 1886 by J. H. Seybert, surveyor, as per plot of lots as recorded in Recorders Office for McKean County in Deed Book Vol. 51, page 320. See the original map on file in Recorders office of McKean County, as reference to the same said description will more fully and at large appear. Being the land conveyed to the said Eva A. Hunt by C. J. Cole and wife, by deed dated February 17th, 1909, and recorded in McKean county in Deed Book Vol. 110, page 366, &c.

Improved and having thereon erected a two-story frame dwelling house, with one story lean to rear.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Eva A. Hunt at suit of F. M. Hotchkiss and W. H. Powers, Executors Rosenberg Estate. Attorney James George.

M. C. BAIN, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., November 21st, 1912.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

In the Estate of Nettie Irons, late of the Township of Otto, McKean County, Pennsylvania, deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that Letters of Administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills of McKean County, Pa., upon the Estate of Nettie Irons, late of Otto Township in said County, deceased to Sheridan Gorton of Smethport, McKean County, Pa., and all persons who are indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment without delay and all persons who have lawful claims against the same are required to make the same known without delay to the undersigned.

SHERIDAN GORTON,
Administrator,
Smethport, Pa.

3t. November 19th, 1912.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE

Elsie M. Patch
vs.
Charles F. Patch
No. 165, October Term, 1911.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Elsie M. Patch did on the 31st day of August, 1911, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth, she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Charles F. Patch.

We therefore command you, the said Charles F. Patch, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the second Monday of December, next, to answer the petition or libel of Elsie M. Patch, and show cause, if any you have, why the said Elsie M. Patch, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

M. C. BAIN, Sheriff.

R. B. Stone, Libellant's Atty.
Smethport, Pa., Nov. 14, 1912.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

Esther M. McCune
vs.
Joseph McCune
No. 12, December Term, 1910.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Esther M. McCune did on the 1st day of April, 1910, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth, she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Joseph McCune.

We therefore command you, the said Joseph McCune, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the second Monday of December, next, to answer the petition or libel of Esther M. McCune, and show cause, if any you have, why the said Esther M. McCune, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

M. C. Bain, Sheriff.

R. B. Stone, Libellant's Atty.
Smethport, Pa., Nov. 14, 1912.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE

May Sandeen
vs.
Alva Sandeen
No. 95 June Term, 1912.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, May Sandeen, did on the 3rd day of October, 1910, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth, she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Alva Sandeen.

We therefore command you, the said Alva Sandeen, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the second Monday of December, next, to answer the petition or libel of May Sandeen, and show cause, if any you have, why the said May Sandeen, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

M. C. Bain, Sheriff.

Brown & Shoonmaker, Libellant's Attys.
Smethport, Pa. Nov. 14, 1912.

NOTICE

The following accounts of executors, administrators and guardians, having been filed in the office of the Register of Wills, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court to be held at Smethport, in and for the County of McKean, in the State of Pennsylvania, on the second Monday of December, A. D. 1912:

Sixth and partial account of John Weiss, Executor of the last Will and Testament of Seth Gurganious, deceased.

First an ddinal account of Bess E. Brown Executrix of the last Will and Testament of Flora L. Brown, deceased.

First and final account of Francis M. Nash, Administrator of the estate of Guiseppe Onori, deceased.

First final and distribution account of James George, guardian of Morris A. Milligan, late a minor child of Lydia A. Milligan, deceased.

First and final account of William J. Healy, Executor of the last Will and Testament of John H. Healy, deceased.

First, final and distribution account of A. A. Tyler, Executor of the last Will and Testament of E. J. LePage, deceased.

First, final and distribution account of A. A. Tyler, guardian of Weston Le Page, late a minor child of E. J. LePage, deceased.

First and Partial account of Ida Pierotti, Administratrix of the Estate of G. Pierotti, deceased.

First and final account of Sheridan Gorton, Administrator of the Estate of Peter McNally, deceased.

First and final account of Sheridan Gorton, Administrator of the Estate of Elizabeth R. Moses otherwise known as E. R. Moses, deceased.

First and final account of John T. Dolphin, Administrator C. T. A. of the Estate of Edward A. Collins, deceased.

First and final account of Harriet Lowrie, Administratrix of the Estate of Frank H. Lowrie, Administratrix of the Estate of Frank H. Lowrie, deceased, who was guardian of Kathleen B. Branning, minor child of Clarence E. Branning, deceased.

JOHN B. EASTMAN, Register.
Smethport, Pa., November 9, 1912.